

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

VOLUME XXXVI—NUMBER 21

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1930.

Four Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. L. H. Olley is in Boston. Ralph Berry has employment at Crescent Lake, Maine.

Harold Hastings and family returned to Dorchester Tuesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Bean spent the week end at North Andover.

Russell Rix of Gorham, N. H., is working at the Citizen Office.

Mrs. Fannie Carter visited relatives at Colebrook, N. H., last Thursday.

Mrs. Albert Fuller of Upton was a recent guest of Mrs. Leslie Coburn.

A. B. Sanborn suffered an ill turn Saturday night but is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Colan Fuller and son Stanley were Sunday callers at P. C. Lapham's.

Miss Rebecca Carter and brother are spending the week in Boston, guests of relatives.

Mrs. Amos Fortier and Jean are occupying Perley Flint's home on Broad Street for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bean are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter Sept. 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Outwater of New Jersey spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ames.

Forrest Stovell returned to Mexico Monday after spending a week at the home of Irving Wilson.

Edward Little, who has employment in Canada, is visiting his family at the home of Mrs. Sidney Jodrey.

Miss Esther Tyler went to Portland Monday to resume her duties as teacher in Deering High School.

See and hear the New Atwater Kent Radio with the Golden Voice at Lyon's, 501 on the easy payment plan, adv.

Mrs. Gilmore, who has been the guest of her son, Homer Smith, and family for some time, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Frank Flint, daughter Mrs. Charles Swan, son, Henry and Mrs. Edward Little went to Sanmaur, Que., Friday.

Mrs. O. H. Brann of Augusta has been in town several days, called here by the illness and death of her uncle, David Brown.

The Misses Adelaide Bean and Ruby Knapp went to Middle Dam last Friday where they have employment at Coburn's Camps.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boles of Independence, Kansas, called on Mrs. Anna French the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Eldredge returned to their home at Rockport, Mass., Tuesday. Irving Clark accompanied them.

Harold E. Rich has received promotion to be major of infantry in the Officers' Reserve Corps of the United States Army.

Gilbert Tuell and three daughters returned to Dorchester, Mass., Tuesday morning, having spent a few days with Mrs. P. H. Tuell.

The Misses Kathryn and Barbara Herick returned Friday from Middle Dam where they have had employment for the summer.

Ralph Simmons, engineer for the New England Tel. & Tel. Co., was in town Monday and Tuesday and inspected the Van Tel. & Tel. Company's office.

Mrs. Eli Stearns tripped and fell over a rug in her home recently and dislocated her hip. She is confined to her bed but is as comfortable as can be expected.

Arthur Bean, draftsman for Fellows Gear Shaper Co., at Springfield, Mass., accompanied by his sister, Miss Alma Bean of Haverhill, Mass., were guests of their uncle, H. I. Bean and family last Friday.

W. H. Thurston and sister, Mrs. Thomas Brown went to Portland Monday after their mother, Mrs. Lois Thurston, who has been in the Maine General Hospital for treatment for several weeks.

Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Patterson and son Wesley of Eliot were at their cottage at Songo Lake Monday night. They were on their way home from Kent's Hill where they had been to take their daughter Elizabeth who will attend school there.

Alfred Hildebrand and John Greene of Lawrence, Mass., were Sunday guests of Miss L. M. Stearns. Mrs. Hildebrand and two children and Mrs. Greene and son Colby returned home with their husbands after a short visit with Miss Stearns.

Word has been received of the improved condition of Arthur Jackson, who underwent surgery at a New York hospital several weeks ago. He has since been seriously ill, but is now expected to be able to leave the hospital soon.

Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Trueman and daughter Annie of Whitesboro, N. Y., were over night guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sanborn Monday. Mr. Trueman was a former pastor of the Bethel Methodist Church and was on his way to Oakland to visit his niece, who is ill.

DAVID B. BROWN

Born in Bethel, on the fourth day of January, 1847; died September sixth, 1930, at eight thirty o'clock in the evening.

With the passing of Mr. Brown there has gone from the life of the village a familiar figure, and to the people of the town and the surrounding towns our most widely acquainted citizen, one who bore at all times, in his daily mien and bearing the characteristics of the rugged and wholesome, but kindly, period in which he was schooled and grew to manhood.

His boyhood days were spent in Bethel. He was the son of Josiah and Mary Stevens Brown, one of a family of eight children, three of whom survive, Mrs. Frank Wardwell of Albany, Mrs. Ellen Green of Waterford, and Mrs. Harriet L. Twaddle of Bethel with whom he had made his home for forty-four years. He attended the town schools and Gould Academy; and in his young manhood went to Peabody, Massachusetts, where his sterling qualities and makeup were at once recognized by his serving as a member of the Police Force for some years and later as a member of the Fire Department of the City.

Returning to Bethel in 1886 he has lived in the family of his sister, Dr. John A. Twaddle home, and to the time of the doctor's decease Mr. Brown had the care and charge of the doctor's many outside farming interests, and faithfully looked after the many duties that attend an establishment such as the doctor maintained. More than this, to Mr. Brown fell in large measure, owing to the very busy professional life of the doctor and the very many household cares and duties which are always the lot of a doctor's wife, the oversight about the premises of the growing Twaddle family; and in return for which he has always enjoyed the great love and unbounded respect of the daughter and two sons. During all these years Mr. Brown has had and fully appreciated the most solicitous care and attention to his every comfort of his sister, Mrs. Twaddle. He has been in the truest sense of the word a member of the family, and no pains have been spared to keep him in good health and strength and to make his life happy.

The funeral services were held at the Twaddle home, this Tuesday afternoon, late, an hour most fitting and appropriate for one whose life had verged and faded so slowly into evening, Rev. L. A. Edwards most fittingly officiating. A profusion of most beautiful flowers testified to and were evidence of the love and genuine esteem of the many relatives, friends and neighbors.

Interment was in the Twaddle lot at the Riverside Cemetery.

RESULTS OF MONDAY'S ELECTION

White Elected to Senate by Over 50,000 Plurality—Governor Re-elected

U. S. Senator—Wallace H. White (R)
Governor—Wm. Tudor Gardner (R)
State Auditor—Elbert D. Hayford (R)

Representative to Congress—Donald B. Partridge (R)
State Senator—Stanley M. Wheeler (R)

Clerk of Courts—Rupert F. Aldrich (R)
County Treasurer—Harry M. Shaw (R)

Register of Deeds—(Eastern District) Harvey E. Powers (R). (Western District) Abby T. Andrews (R)

Sheriff—Wm. O. Frothingham (D)
County Attorney—E. Walker Abbott (R)

County Commissioner—Charles L. Bartlett (R)

VOTE FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO LEGISLATURE IN LOCAL CLASS TOWNS

	Boyer	Edwards
Newry	32	26
Bethel	306	334
Greenwood	32	78
Andover	103	36
Byron	25	7
Gilead	19	39
Upton	20	30
Magalloway Pl	0	10
Lincoln Pl.	7	0
Milton Pl.	8	16
	552	582

UNUSUAL TREAT AT WEST BETHEL TONIGHT

The Cotton Blossom Singers from the Pine Woods School in Mississippi will present an attractive song program at the West Bethel Union Church tonight. See their advertisement on page five of this issue.

YOUNG MAN SERIOUSLY HURT IN AVOIDING COLLISION

Leland Coolidge, East Bethel, and Charlie Day, Locke Mills, were injured in an automobile accident near Mechanic Falls Monday night. In order to avoid hitting a car backing out of a driveway they headed for the ditch which was deep and the car turned over. Both young men were taken to the C. M. G. Hospital at Lewiston. The Coolidge boy was the more seriously hurt, having received injuries about the chest. The Day boy has a fractured wrist and many bruises, and is expected to leave the hospital in a few days.

BETHEL FAIR DATE—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

A Big Day Planned at Old Riverside Park Grounds Next Week

Features announced by the promoters of the First Annual Bethel Agricultural Fair include a display of farm products, and horse pulling, for which prizes are offered; a ball game between Bethel and Dixfield; and good band music. Bats will be served by one of the local societies. Final arrangements have not yet been settled in regard to some of the attractions but the above is sufficient to warrant a good attendance and to encourage those most interested to make this an annual event.

The officers in charge of this year's fair have been announced as follows: President—Henry W. Boyker

Vice-President—Hugh Thurston
Secretary-Treasurer—Paul Clemens

Other features of interest will be noted in the advertisement on page 8, and those interested in the events may obtain further detail from the above fair officers.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Jodrey received word Thursday night of the death of their son, Clyde Clark Jodrey, at a hospital in New York City from an infection caused by a cut on the hand.

Clyde was born at Bethel March 17, 1903, the son of Austin and Alice Jodrey, and received his education in his home town where his early years were spent.

He went to Detroit, Mich., in 1923, then on to Chicago, Ill., where he joined the Navy. He entered the U. S. Naval Training Camp at Hampton Roads, Va., but after six months training received honorable discharge because of not being physically strong enough for service. He then returned to his home in Bethel where he remained for one year, but for the last three years has been away from home and in the early fall went to New York City where he remained until his death.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Jodrey, four sisters, Mrs. Nellie Jodrey Day, Ruby, Ethel and Mary Jodrey, one brother, Walter, grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Asaph Jodrey of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, an uncle, Sidney Jodrey of Bethel, five nieces and nephews, children of Mrs. Nellie Day, besides other relatives in Nova Scotia.

Funeral services were held Wednesday at 10 A. M. from the home of his parents on Clark Street, conducted by Mrs. Wallace Clark of the Christian Science Church. Interment was in the Riverside Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Perry and family.

Chandler Hill, Bethel

Robert Kirk and the two boys, Bobby and David, have returned to their home here after spending the summer in (Oshtemo, Iowa. A very pleasant trip was reported.

Mrs. Kirk and Mrs. V. Bean spent a few days last week visiting Mrs. Bean's sister in Boston, Mass.

V. W. Bean was a business visitor in Lewiston and Mechanic Falls last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vorge Yerrill and Mrs. Lina Chapin have returned to their home in West Paris after assisting V. Bean with his haying.

FLETCHER I. BEAN

Fletcher I. Bean of West Bethel died Wednesday morning, September 3, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Joseph L. Perry, with whom he had been for several years.

Mr. Bean had been ill only about four weeks and until that time had been very active for a man of his years.

He was born in Mason, Maine, 83 years ago last June, the son of the late Amos and Roxanna (Palme) Bean. Here he spent the greater part of his life, being engaged in the milling business.

He was married to Mrs. Ida Bean Stiles and one daughter was born to them. Mrs. Bean passed away many years ago.

Mr. Bean was a member of Pleasant Valley Grange and he had always been one of its most faithful and loyal workers.

Besides his daughter he is survived by two grandsons, Lawrence and Robert Perry, and several other near relatives.

Funeral services were held at the home Friday afternoon and interment was in the Mason Cemetery.

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COMMISSIONER WASHBURN EXPLAINS FEWER FARMS

"Modern large scale farming has caused the buying in of smaller farms in the interests of more economical production by machinery and other improvements," declares Frank P. Washburn, Commissioner of Agriculture in analyzing the recent statement of the U. S. Census Bureau that the number of farms in the state has decreased.

"This tendency has brought about a condition which, viewed superficially, may be misunderstood as meaning that agriculture is declining in the state," Mr. Washburn said. "The amount of agricultural products, however, remains substantially the same. An analysis of conditions shows that modern farming with machinery demands larger fields and small rough rocky farms may well be turned back into timber lands which means no loss to the state.

"As an illustration, the four cow dairy cannot survive under modern conditions in competition with the 20 cow dairy, since some items of overhead are the same in each case, and the small farmer cannot operate at a profit under such overhead.

"Remote areas," he continued, "not reached by good roads or telephone or electric service will lose in the number of farms. This is inevitable. Nor is it desirable that farms be maintained in the more remote sections away from all advantages, when there is abundant land to produce all our markets can carry situated in more fortunate areas where farmers and their families may have advantages of roads, schools and electric service.

"In the present country," Mr. Washburn pointed out, "apparent decrease in the number of farms is traceable to purchase of these properties by summer people for summer residences. Much of the land has also been developed for summer cottages for tourists.

"A comparison of farm values in 1924, and in 1925, reveals the following," he continued. "In 1924, total farm value was \$2,189,999; in 1925 total farm value was \$1,977,000. This is not a serious loss considering that 1925 values were still affected by war time conditions. Figures for 1926 are not yet available.

"In 1926, 5,425,968 acres were devoted to farm lands, while in 1925 5,161,428 acres was the total. If this loss of about 5% in acreage for five years is maintained in the same ratio for the 1925-1930 period for which figures are not yet available, the total loss in acreage for 10 years will be 10%. Indications are that these lands for the most part were bought up by other operators.

"The counties showing the least loss between 1924 and 1925 were the shore counties, indicating the sale of small shore farms for summer property, not an undesirable movement by any means since it tends to fewer producing units and more home markets.

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THE VOTE IN OXFORD COUNTY TOWNS FOR COUNTY AND STATE OFFICERS

	White, U. S. Senator	Gardner, Governor	Hayford, State Auditor	Partridge, Representative	Wheeler, State Senator	Aldrich, Clerk of Courts	Shaw, County Treasurer	Powers, Register of Deeds	Simons, Sheriff	Abbott, County Attorney	Bartlett, County Commissioner	Hatchell, U. S. Senator	Moran, Governor	Hansen, State Auditor	Bellevue, Representative	Bartlett, State Senator	Reed, Clerk of Courts	Savage, County Treas.	Kahn, Register of Deeds	Frithgelm, Sheriff	MacDonald, County Attorney	Thurston, County Commissioner
Albany	46	42	43	42	41	45	45	45	43	43	45	38	40	36	39	40	35	37	35	36	45	37
Andover	107	101	104	108	87	103	104	100	88	100	105	26	42	35	32	67	33	34	33	58	57	34
Bethel	337	308	315	331	297	317	324	345	266	325	277	264	399	263	235	331	273	267	256	279	266	371
Brownfield	101	96	93	100	94	93	93	92	94	93	97	79	89	79	76	70	70	70	70	79	78	75
Buckfield	114	108	105	113	110	106	114	109	87	109	103	167	110	101	100	100	100	101	101	122	103	103
Byron	25	25	25	25	23	25	25	25	25	25	25	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Canton	118	112	112	113	113	107	113	113	109	107	112	40	44	39	47	39	41	37	37	48	42	41
Denmark	62	46	49	51	50	49	49	47	49	49	49	28	33	29	28	29	29	29	29	39	32	39
Dixfield	167	154	156	162	171	162	163	159	112	149	149	119	144	116	122	112	116	113	113	129	121	129
Fryeburg	245	219	245	268	249	249	253	235	246	255	190	110	91	96	95	93	124	97	93	97	97	93
Gilead	22	21	21	22	21	22	23	21	22	21	22	31	35	37	34	34	36	34	35	39	34	36
Greenwood	40	38	35	41	35	42	38	35	39	40	37	70	75	70	69	74	68	71	74	68	74	68
Hanover	44	43	44	45	23	40	43	45	31	43	33	39	49	36	38	62	49	37	37	52	49	46
Harford	64	59	63	63	64	62	62	64	45	63	61	51	57	57	55	48	59	49	47	70	52	49
Hebron	58	50	57	56	60	58	51	53	56	54	54	20	33	16	18	18	14	18	16	21	15	22
Hiram	170	153	163	189	178	168	170	164	189	176	155	190	144	141	147	142	139	141	141	141	138	138
Lovell	124	127	114	127	121	110	110	132	116	117	120	78	80	76	80	80	80	81	81	79	70	70
Mason	5	3	4	6	5	6	5	4	5	6	10	11	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	7	19	9
Mexico	294	281	272	301	274	280	274	270	300	257	270	269	265	276	273	262	263	258	277	311	269	269
Newry	33	27	26	23	23	28	30	36	27	29	20	26	22	20	28	37	27	26	34	31	26	33
Norway	457	460	466	557	495	624	417	369				331	435	337	358	347	349	347		557		
Oxford	124	116	118	129	129	130	117	130	119	100	125	71	76	63	72	63	61	67	67	87	61	61
Paris	646	602	602	617	635	623	679	603	606	602	600	333	400	338	364	350	390	317	336	339	329	356
Peru	76	69	71	71	63	72	75	73	68	61	72	48	58	56	56	40	44	43	40	63	57	46
Porter	136	115	121	131	118	136	134	124	126	124	124	28	45	28	28	33	27	27	33	28	20	20
Roxbury	34	31	32	35	17	32	33	26	27	24	31	46	48	49	44	65	47	47	50	87	85	49
Sumford	930	883	849	897	817	892	868	861	833	729	785	1254	1355	1273	1490	1336	1276	1250	1254	1411	1523	1390
Stonham	43	36	36	37	35	42	36	31	38	40	13	21	18	22	18	16	18	41	16	21		
Stow	23	24	22	24	23	25	24	18	23	23	10	10	9	6	9	9	9	16	9	10		
Summer	101	90	97	99	102	101	99	98	81	104	98	62	72	64	67	61	61	64	63	83	62	65
Sweden	19	17	21	21	20	20	20	21	19	19	8	8	7	7	7	7	8	8	8	8	7	
Upton	21	20	19	23	18	23	19	20	17	22	22	28	29	28	26	33	25	26	26	32	27	23
Waterford	95	102	102	107	105	105	102	97	78	109	103	91	90	86	81	83	83	87	88	110	87	89
Woodstock	128	123	125	122	129	135	133	136	142	124		59	60	51	66	65	54	51	50	72	53	55
Lincoln Pl.	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	7	8	8	7	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	6
Magalloway Pl.	8	8	8	8	2	2	2	2	1	3	8	7	7	7	7	10	8	8	8	10	9	7
Milton Pl.	9	9	7	10	9	11	8	8	8	9	7	17	17	16	17	17	13	16	15	18	16	17

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the will of J. Elvira Austin, late of Hanover, in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

ALPHA T. POWERS,
August 28th, 1930. Bethel, Maine.
22p

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Walter E. Knight, late of Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, deceased, giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

SARAH E. KNIGHT,
August 28, 1930. Lockes Mills, Maine.
22p

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of Levi N. Bartlett, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

GRACE B. TYLER,
August 28, 1930. Bethel, Maine.
22p

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of Charles W. McNis, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

FLORENCE M. MCINIS,
August 28, 1930. West Bethel, Maine.
22p

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named, At a Probate Court, held at Rumford, in and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty and by adjournment from day to day from the fourth Tuesday of said August. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of September, A. D. 1930, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Morsey B. Fernald, late of Bethel, deceased; third account filed for allowance by Elery C. Park, trustee. Beattie L. Babson, late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Rose M. Harvey, administratrix.

Matland C. Bird, late of Albany, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Alta C. Bird, now Alta C. Meserve, administratrix.

Lucinda H. Chase, late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Benjamin W. Kimball, administratrix.

Amie C. Cole, late of Olsford, deceased; account presented for allowance by William W. Peabody, trustee.

Frank Vetquokey, Jr., of Bethel; petition that his name be changed to Frank Owen Gilman presented by said Frank Vetquokey.

Anna E. Pendexter, late of Hiram, deceased; petition that Lizzie F. Gilpatrick be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased, to act without bond presented by said Lizzie F. Gilpatrick, heir-at-law.

William F. Wyman late of Bethel, deceased; petition that Ethel W. MacKenzie be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased, to act without bond presented by said Ethel W. MacKenzie, sole heir.

Lizzie H. Hartman late of Fryeburg, deceased; final account presented for allowance by Harry A. Thompson, executor.

Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge of said Court at Rumford, this 20th day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty.

ALBERT D. PARK, Registrar

NOTICE OF LOST BANK BOOK

Notices is hereby given that the Bethel Savings Bank has been notified that book of deposit issued by said bank to Wilbert H. Baker and numbered 2897 has been destroyed or lost, and that he desires to have a new book of deposit issued to him.

Bethel Savings Bank,
By A. E. Herrick, Treas.,
Bethel, Maine.
22p

NOTICE OF LOST BANK BOOK

Notices is hereby given that the Bethel Savings Bank has been notified that book of deposit issued by said bank to Rodolphe S. McMillan and numbered 3410 has been destroyed or lost, and that he desires to have a new book of deposit issued to him.

Bethel Savings Bank,
By A. E. Herrick, Treas.,
Bethel, Maine.
22p

Rapid Transit Story

By GENEVRA COOK

(Copyright.)

WHEN Lorna Willis left the tiny apartment in the row of brick houses in Brooklyn, she carried under her arm the newest copy of "Love Tales Magazine," with a gay girl in red and white paddling a graceful red canoe across the shining cover. Every morning for three months—since she had come to New York to work—Lorna had read "Love Tales" or "Cupid's Arrow" or "Throbbing Hearts" all the way from Borough Hall to Times square, and back again at night.

This morning the picture on the bright new cover was of the girl in the first story—"Rapid Transit." Lorna slipped through the hurrying crowd into a corner of the subway car, and buried her wistful blue eyes in the magazine.

It was a wonderful story. Marilyn Maridale—the girl on the cover—lived in a world of freedom and gaiety and romance. She was staying for the summer in a charming rustic cabin on the shore of a sapphire lake set in deep woods. Every evening all of the boys at the summer colony—tall, bronzed, strong—gathered on her porch. They laughed and danced and sang together. Sometimes Marilyn would cuddle down in the front seat of a low, distinguished car, and he carried away to the big hotel to enjoy the dance.

Dimly through the echoes of the dreamy music Lorna heard the voice of the subway guard: "Twenty-third!" She turned a page.

But amid all this loveliness and merriment, there was only one man whom Marilyn Maridale loved. And she had only met him yesterday! His name was Gordon. One of the boys told her that he was engaged to a girl back home. (Marilyn believed him, but Lorna suspected he had only made it up because he was very jealous.)

"Pennsylvania!" called the guard. Now Marilyn was out for a moonlight ride on the lake with the man she loved—who belonged to somebody else.

"Times square!"

Gordon was bending over her, his eyes looking into hers.

"Sorry, but isn't this your stop?"

With a sickening thud, Lorna came back to New York and dashed out of the car.

At half past five she would find out if the other man had been telling Marilyn a lie—if Gordon really loved her after all—if he would hold her in his arms and tell her he loved her—and why the story was called "Rapid Transit."

At 5:35 Lorna pushed her way eagerly through the long intricacies of Times square station. She hurried down the stairs just in time to see an express sliding out. She made her way to the edge of the platform; while she waited she would read. Behind her the crowd milled impatiently about, and a strong young subway guard on his way home, his gray eyes resting shyly but hopefully upon her, waited for the train.

Lorna opened the magazine, and at once, oblivious to the restless people, the noise and rush of trains, she was breathing the cool night air of the pine-scented woods, was drifting with Gordon and Marilyn under a golden moon. Suddenly from shore came a weird, wild shriek. Marilyn jumped up in the canoe; it rocked violently, tipped to one side, and rolled over! Gordon came up, gathered himself for the dive.

"Get Marilyn!" whispered Lorna, tentatively. "Get her! Dive!" She leaned breathlessly forward. Some one in the crowd behind gave a push, careless but forcible. Lorna felt herself going . . . going . . . She drew a deep breath. She had not dived into cool water. She had sat down very suddenly and not very gracefully in the bottom of the subway, right in the middle of the track!

Suddenly some one was bending over her, had seized her in strong arms. She was flung bodily up on the platform, was aware of arms reaching down, saw her rescuer dragged up to safety, sprawling in his blue uniform on the platform beside her—and the express slid in usual fashion into the station.

At the quiet dinner which they had together she learned that his name was Gordon Bancroft—though of course it was only the first name that mattered—and that he had come to New York because he was looking for "something wonderful and exciting," and had found work as a guard in the subway. He had watched her every morning come on his train. "Though you'd never look at me," he told her, "you were always reading a magazine!"

When, later, they came down the stairs into the subway together, there on the track was what was left of the tattered cover of "Love Tales Magazine." "There's all that's left of my story," she said, laughing up at him. "It was called 'Rapid Transit!'"

"You won't need to read that stuff any longer, will you?" he asked her softly.

Lorna looked up at him, smiling. "What are those initials on your cap?" she asked him.

"J. H. T. Why, that stands for Interborough Rapid Transit."

"Rapid Transit," murmured Lorna softly. And then she answered his question. "I won't need to read love stories any longer—no."

Popular Medicines on

Sale in Mexico City

Although clinics are opening everywhere throughout Mexico City every market still has its stalls where popular medicines are sold. There are flowers called "the Hands of God" which are put in alcohol, and the alcohol is then rubbed on the chest for heart trouble. They are the size of a small child's hands, a bright red, gashed in their actual resemblance to a long, thin, human hand, even to the four fingers and short thumb, all of which have little tips like finger nails. On the back of the hand, which is bent and clutching in shape, there is a bony outline which bears the pollen. The flower comes out of five thick green leaves shaped like a tulip. It is beautiful, but very sinister.

Another mild medicine which is very popular is tea brewed from the leaves of the orange tree. It is said to be good for the nerves.

The counters of the medicine stalls are piled with dried bones of all kinds, strings of vertebrae, antlers of deer, the shells of turtles, dried starfish and anemones, pits and seeds of fruits, and herbs and dried flowers of every description. The flowers are spread out on the roofs to dry, much as our grandmothers spread out sweet clover to make pillows for the linen chests. —New York Times.

Writer's Closing Hours

Soothed by Scriptures

Sir Walter Scott died September 21, 1834, at Abbotsford on the Tweed. The health of the poet and novelist had been on the decline for several months before his death. Several weeks before he breathed his last he seemed to be getting better. One morning, says John Gibson Lockhart, who was Scott's biographer and son-in-law, "after again enjoying the bath chair for perhaps a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library, and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said:—'Need you ask? There is but one.' I chose the 14th chapter of St. John's gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done—'Well, this is a great comfort. I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.'"

"The first two verses of the chapter read to Sir Walter are as follows: 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.'"

Origin of "Charity"

"Carus" is the Latin for "dear," and "caritas," the abstract noun from it, means "dearness." St. Jerome, who translated the Bible into Latin, avoided the use of the ordinary Latin word for "love," which is "amor," because of its worldly associations. He substituted for it, wherever the Greek or Hebrew would naturally have required it, one or other of two rather colorless words, of which "caritas" is one. Being colorless, "caritas" was capable of taking the color of its Biblical surroundings and came to mean the specifically Christian love of one neighbor, and especially of the poor.

The English word "charity," derived from it, perhaps owes its sense particularly to the great passage about charity in 1 Corinthians, 13.

Eskimos of Canadian North

Most of the game animals of northern Canada are more or less migratory and the Eskimo, therefore, before the white man came into the country, migrated with the animals on which he depended for a living. At certain times of the year he hunted seal on the ice far from the coast; in spring when the fish came to the rivers to spawn, he abandoned the seal hunt and came inland to put up fish for the following winter; and in the fall, when the caribou migrated south he followed them until sealing again became profitable on the ice. Now he is a hunter and a trapper for furs, living a new mode of life approximating that of the white man.

Artist's Troubles

Appropos the alleged neglect by the public of modern artists, Miss Frances Dodd, A. R. S., tells the story of a wealthy lady who had come to a certain artist's studio to look at his pictures.

At the end of two hours she made no indication that she would like to buy one, though the artist had patiently gone around explaining their different points.

At last she said: "My dear man, I wonder if there is anything vainer in the world than you artists over your pictures."

"Yes, madame," was the reply, "your efforts to sell them."

The Boy and the Pin

The business man was telling a friend of the beginning of his successful career. "I got my start in life," he said, "through picking up a pin in the street. A wholesale merchant that I had asked for work had turned me down, and on my way out I saw a pin."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the friend. "You picked it up, the merchant was impressed by your carelessness, called you back, and made you the head of the firm. I've heard of that boy very often."

"Not at all," retorted the business man. "I picked up the pin and sold it. It was a diamond pin."

African Gorillas Going

Like American Buffalo

The gorillas of the British hills of Africa are dying out, principally from the ravages of big-game hunters who kill for the mere pleasure of it. The animals are given some degree of governmental protection in some parts of the African continent, but on account of the difficulties of guarding the country the protection does not amount to much. The Nigerian groups are somewhat larger, but are being decreased rapidly by the hunters. The natives, as a rule, are not in sympathy with this slaughter, for they regard the animals with friendly interest. It is only on rare occasions that they show any inclination to attack humans. The gorilla units confine their movements to certain well-defined limits, and they roam about the country harmless and quietly. As a rule they keep to the country, which is somewhat inaccessible, and make excursions into the inhabited portions only when driven there by the unfavorable conditions existing in the high countries. The native regard for these animals may be based upon superstition to a certain extent, and it is quite common for the native tanner to refuse to touch the pelts brought to them by hunters.

Land Erosion Serious

Matter to the Nation

Erosion continues to wash away the soil resources of the nation. A recent survey of a typical small valley in northeastern Kansas shows that 86 per cent of the land, comprising the greater part of the valley, has lost from 8 to 40 inches of soil since it was cleared 40 years ago, the United States Department of Agriculture reports.

Thirty-four acres had lost an average of 11 inches of soil, 45 acres had lost 18 inches, 10 acres had lost 21 inches, 2 1/2 acres had lost 23 inches and 1 1/2 acres had lost 3 1/2 feet of soil. The "yardstick" for measuring the losses was found in a few remaining patches of timber, where the soil was as nature originally built it—a mellow, rich silt loam almost black with spongy humus, and capable of producing 75 bushels of corn an acre. Now the land is very much less productive. Much of it is overrun with weeds. In the meantime the washing proceeds.

Women Read Most

Women read far more than men, according to the manager of one of Great Britain's largest lending libraries. Women of all ages, he stated recently, are enormous and rapid readers. They will read anything—however good, however light, and no novel is too "strong" for them. Men are not like that. They read either very good books or literature of the very lightest kind. Strangely enough, he added, men who would be considered the most "highbrow" often delight in the most "lowbrow" literature. Men who are harassed by important affairs, including many distinguished statesmen, often seek relaxation in books which hold their interest without demanding any close concentration on their part.

Fortunate

"I never thought I'd pull through, but I did. First I got angina pectoris, followed by arteriosclerosis. Just as I was recovering from these, I got tuberculosis and double pneumonia. Then they gave me hypodermics. Appendicitis gave way to aphasia and hypertrophic cirrhosis. Afterwards I had diabetes and acute indigestion, besides gastritis, rheumatism, lumbago, and neuritis. I was given morphine."

"Good heavens, you don't look much the worse for it."

"I wasn't ill, you idiot! I was up for my spelling test in connection with a health department job."

Not Meant for Aquarium

It is very difficult to transport live octopuses even from place to place on the sea coast, and this difficulty becomes almost insurmountable to a spot far inland. Octopus must be kept in running sea water of equable temperature, and the feeding presents a difficult problem since octopus relish small fish and mollusks, which should be alive. There is no way to prevent an octopus from discharging the black fluid which it employs as a protection, and the water becomes clear after such a discharge only when the discolored water is all run out.

Sea Snakes

It is believed that sea snakes do not grow much longer than 12 or 13 feet, says an article in Pathfinder Magazine. Speaking of sea snakes found near the coast of northwestern Australia the National Geographic society says: "Sea snakes are frequently seen curled up asleep on the surface of the water. These reptiles are poisonous and grow to about 12 feet in length." Sea snakes are distinguished by the compressed, rudder-shaped tail, and they are unable to move on land. Their food consists chiefly of fish.

Beautiful Venice

The city of Venice is situated on 120 islands in a shallow bay of the Adriatic sea, the gulf of Venice. The islands are close together and are only separated by narrow canals, which serve as streets. There are about 175 of these, over which there are 378 bridges. The city is two and a half miles from the mainland and connected by railroad bridges which contain 222 arches. It covers an area of 544 square miles and the population in 1921 was 510,293.

Every family has one: The telepathic friend who invariably phones just as you are well under way in the bathtub.

If you should happen ever to meet it in a social way, the full name of the newly found "flu germ" is Pleomorphic Streptococcus.

When the office skeptic hasn't anything else in particular against a politician he says of course somebody else is writing the speeches.

They can food, they can heat, they can music, but they can't can time to be placed on the shelf and used when it happens to be needed.

We have also asked our congressman for a probe of what the hotels do with the many million small cakes of soap which are used once.

The beauty of these dollar-and-a-half watches is that the more you drop them on the stone sidewalk, the better time they seem to keep.

In spite of all they can do with a pie, we will say for restaurateurs that they never have tried to get three halves from one grapefruit.

Adults learn faster than children, says an educator. So there may still be hope that dad may get a passing grade in Johnny's homework.

Stone Newspapers

Newspapers in the form of large stone tablets have been discovered during excavations at Ostia, in Italy. One is said to record the death of Pompey in 49 B. C., and the will of Julius Caesar with his bequests to the people of Rome. Because of his dispatches from the war in Gaul, Caesar is often called the father of Journalism, but it seems that Cicero, born in 106 B. C., has a greater claim to his distinction. Cicero used to post in the galleries of his villa at Tusculum a record or journal of the passing events of note, with a list of births, deaths, and marriages. From a letter of Cicero's it is known that he used a system of abbreviated writing.

"Underground Railway"

The name of the system used to help slaves to freedom, the "Underground Railway" arose from the exaggerated use of railway terms in reference to the conduct of the system. Levi Coffin and Robert Purvis were the presidents of the road. Various routes were known as lines, stopping places were called stations, those who aided the system were called conductors, and the slaves were referred to as packages or freight. The system reached from Kentucky and Virginia across Ohio, and from Maryland across Pennsylvania and New York or New England.

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Graphic Outlines of History



THE FIRST BRICK HOUSE IN AMERICA

The home of William Penn, built around the year 1682, was the first house to be constructed of brick in America. This house was entirely characteristic of Penn himself. Every detail of it was methodically planned, as was the whole town of Pennsylvania that he laid out.

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Jake Had an Alibi

By M. OWEN ATKINSON
(Copyright.)

WHEN they ran the sound rushes of Fleur La Barba, that once famous screen star's career was ended. He Rauch shook his head sadly. "Business is business," he said. "For years I pay her a salary like a president's. I guess she won't starve." On the silent screen, La Barba had been charming. She invariably portrayed a beautiful and innocent young girl pursued by the villain. But when she opened her cupid's bow lips, out came a voice like the rasp of a file. He knew instantly that Miss La Barba was neither young nor innocent. Jake Rauch was fat, bald, kindly, and happened to be president of Superba Pictures Incorporated. He was noted for three things: He always changed the title of a picture before it was released. He had the happy faculty of being able to pick up unknown young ladies who became next year's stars. He was afraid scandal.

Jake was a business man. He hoped in making a profit—Superba Pictures Incorporated usually netted ten or twelve millions a year. In La Barba was no longer of service to Superba studios. Out she would go. Business is business.

Miss La Barba arrived smelling of mandarin and looking like something from the cover of a magazine. Jake Rauch was startled. "You're fired!" he announced. "You're fired!" Next week your contract runs out. I ain't going to sign again."

Following Miss La Barba, Jake Rauch had waited for the storm to break. It came with a crash. "What?" asked La Barba. "You're throwing me out?" After all these years I paid for you, you turn me into the street without a nickel?"

"No listen," said Jake soothingly. "A thousand a week I've been paying you. Ain't you got money in the bank?"

"Money in the bank? What do you think I've been living on? Do you think I can't get a house in Beverly Hills? And my car, my horses?"

"You shirked eloquently. Am I possible if you live like a queen? I got to think of my stockholders."

"Miss La Barba became suddenly silent. "You'll pay for this," she cried, "more money than ever."

"Oh, you'll make me the richest man in Hollywood," said Jake.

Miss La Barba began to scream. "Help! Help!" she shrieked. "Murder! Murder!"

Mr. Rauch in a panic fled to his room. He was frozen. He knew now. Scandal! Instantly the office force would rush and find the hysterical La Barba. He knew that Jake had tried to throw out of his office. After that would be screaming headlines in the newspapers.

Miss Williams, Jake's secretary, the first to arrive. Her cool, impersonal glance took in the situation like an old Jake. He worked for her. Swiftly, deftly she tried to soothe screaming actress.

The door burst open. In rushed Mr. Rauch, the publicity man. His trained eye gathered in details with flashlight precision. "What?" he cried. "What a story!"

He next to arrive was Maurice, vice president of Superba Pictures. Smooth, oily, sleek—and envious of Jake Rauch's reputation.

"Jake," he cried with pretended sympathy. "Shame on you!" He crossed La Barba and patted her tenderly on the shoulder. "What is it, little girl? He asked sympathetically. "What has he been doing?"

"The beast!" sobbed Miss La Barba. "He tried to throw me out." For the first time in her life she was really crying. "Oh, it's too terrible. I don't want to talk about it."

"Don't want to talk about it?" "Don't let me hear of any more of this!"

"Such a shame!" said Maurice. "Miss La Barba's eyes gleamed triumphantly behind the tears. Already she could see her picture on the front page of all the papers. She would use it with her legs crossed.

"Wait a minute," Jake hadn't moved from his chair behind the broad desk. "Everybody talks so. I don't get in a word. Don't anyone try to listen to my alibi?"

"Alibi?" Maurice jeered. "How could you have an alibi when you are both the room together? No, no, Jake, defend you aren't going to get out of this so easy."

"I didn't touch her?" Jake insisted. "I haven't moved out of this chair. I am sitting here quietly all the time. I was here in the room. I got an alibi to prove it."

Jake lifted his right hand. "He held a fat black cigar. The air had over an inch of fluffy white

PLANEMAKERS PLAN HONEST AD CAMPAIGN

Tests Under Standardized Code Are Arranged.

Chicago.—What is termed by manufacturers "one of the most important steps in stabilizing the aviation industry" has been taken by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America, an association of the large planemakers, in arranging for tests of all aircraft under a standardized performance code in order that the exaggerated claims made in advertising in technical and trade publications may be curbed, says David Rotoff in the Chicago News. The first of these tests was made at Roosevelt field on Long Island, where a Curtiss Robin, equipped with a Challenger engine, was submitted to the observations of representatives of eight universities offering courses in aerodynamics and the theory of flight and with facilities of highly trained scientists fitted to conduct such tests.

These trial flights laid the ground-work for a campaign within the industry to certify the performance of airplanes and to guarantee truth in advertising statements of manufacturers. Hereafter the purchaser has had to depend entirely on the statements of manufacturers and dealers. It is explained, whereas hereafter the air transport man and the private purchaser will know what types of craft have been certified by the examining board and need only consult its official records, which will be issued at intervals.

Will Give Certificates. The new code provides that a manufacturer may have his plane certified in high speed, climb to 10,000 feet, ceiling, angle of initial climb, length of takeoff, time of takeoff and landing run and speed under power or without. When the ship has been tested with calibrated instruments the manufacturer will have certified figures to produce, vouchered for by a recognized, well-equipped university laboratory.

Certificates will be awarded the manufacturer, showing the exact performance, and the purchaser will have available the certificates in making his selection. This move will do much, it is said, to eliminate the manufacturer who has been marketing his product on unscrupulous advertising which has resulted frequently in dissatisfaction on the part of the purchaser and occasionally has resulted in fatalities when the owner of the new ship attempted to perform with it some of the feats described in the advertising matter.

New Types Needed. Persistence in airplane styles has done much to retard progress in developing speed and cruising reliability, according to some engineers, who insist that radical departures or modifications of present designs will be necessary before real advances can be made. Engine design has, in particular, shown a tendency toward copy and not toward ingenuity in the last few years, they say, and super-charging devices, reduction gears, inverted engines and the greater use of motors of the Diesel type, wherein cruder and less expensive fuels may be burned, must be developed.

Only timid advances have been made, they further point out, in the use of new designs of wing structure and fuselage shapes. The tendency abroad is toward the thick flying wing, almost devoid of the standardized fuselage of the last fifteen years. Several attempts toward ships of that type have been made in America, notably the Northrop flying wing, an all-metal ship produced in the Boeing factories at Seattle. This plane is almost a pure type wing and test flights with it are said to promise much.

Skyliners' Port May Be on Land of G. W.

Washington.—Skyliners bridging the Atlantic in commercial service may base on ancestral homelands of George Washington.

Hybla valley, table-smooth region of which part was cultivated and planted with trees by Washington as a Virginia gentleman farmer, is the site favored by Dr. Hugo Eckener for the American terminal of the proposed transatlantic dirigible line.

The historic spot, edged with wind-breaking hills and backed on one side by a house built in pre-revolutionary times by George Mason, colonial political leader, is nearly midway between Mount Vernon and Alexandria and ten miles from Washington.

Selection of the site would link the oldest and newest experiments in America with lighter-than-air craft. Six hundred and thirty-seven years ago Washington signed a passport for the French aeronaut, Blanchard, and observed his balloon ascension in Philadelphia, the first flight in the western hemisphere.

Planning Air Route Britain to America

London.—Fifteen young explorers, whose average age is only twenty-three years, sailing from London aboard the ship Quest for Greenland and Iceland. The purpose of the voyage is to obtain information with a view to establishing an air route from England to America across the Arctic regions with only 300 miles over the ice.

H. G. Watkins, twenty-three-year-old explorer, is leader of the expedition. His 14 companions are all about the same age and each is a specialist.

MASON

School opened here August 25 with 17 pupils. Miss Alta Brooks of West Bethel is teacher. A school improvement league has been formed. The school room has been painted and a few minor improvements have been made which greatly improve the schoolhouse and grounds. E. A. Grover, chairman of the school board, had charge of the work.

The teacher, who boards with Mrs. Guy Morrill, spent the week end at her home in West Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Luxton and daughter Barbara of Bethel were Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Morrill.

Cleveland Kneeland and daughter of Salem, Mass., spent a few days last week with his sister, Mrs. Eleanor Lovejoy. Mrs. Lovejoy and three children returned to Salem with them for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Morrill and son Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Morrill and two children, and Gilman Hutchinson attended State Fair at Lewiston Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKendle have returned from a visit in Prince Edward Island.

Myron Morrill, E. H. Morrill, and Gilman Hutchinson, Norway Tuesday for the opening day of Oxford County Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Mills and Maurice Tyler of Grover Hill were recent callers in town.

A new bridge is to be built across Pleasant River below the home of Ernest Morrill. The commissioners have been here to lay out the work. It is hoped that it will be started soon.

A special town meeting was held Monday to vote on the division of the Forestry Reserve Fund, the greater part is to be used for the new bridge, while a small amount is to be used for the improvements on the school building and grounds.

Mrs. Margaret Smith and the Messrs. Albert Smith, Lester Lamb, and William Crosson of New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Smith.

EAST BETHEL

Schools opened this week for the fall term.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Reed were at Herbert Blake's over Labor Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton Bean of Rumford, Missa Dorothy and Lillian (children of Portland and Edna Bartlett) spent the week end at Weyman Dam and Monocle Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Custer Hutchins are moving into Herbert Blake's rent.

Frederick Haines, Barbara Abbott and James Haines have gone to Ansonia to work in the potato fields.

Mrs. Irving Kimball of Boston, Mass., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Holt.

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ceylon M. Kimball were Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frost of Kingfield. The callers in the afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Haskins, Mary Haskins and Elvina Bean, Mrs. John Holt and Mrs. Irving Kimball.

Miss Dorothy Wellman and Walter Allen of Lawrence, Mass., spent the week end and Labor Day with Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hastings.

O. B. Farwell, Porter Farwell, Willard Farwell and Burchard Russell went fishing at Oxford one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hastings, Barbara and Billy, spent the week end with friends at Hallowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bartlett spent Saturday and Sunday at their camp, Rosewood, Locke Mills.

Miss Esther Holt left this week for Boston where she will attend business college.

Miss Hilda Reed and Mr. Hutchinson were at H. O. Blake's Sunday.

Lewis Smith and Rose Hastings spent Sunday at Old Orchard.

Mrs. Marjorie Billings spent a few days visiting her sister at Yarmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. William Russell and son from Somerville, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. James Quigley of Appleton, R. I., have been visiting at J. H. Swan's and H. L. Swan's.

Mrs. Sarah Rich, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rich and ten children of Bethel, N. H., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Swan.

Middle Intervale, Bethel

Wallace Jepson returned to Boston Saturday after spending a week with Mrs. E. M. Carter and family.

Several in our vicinity attended the State Fair at Lewiston. Rebecca and Richard Carter went to Boston Saturday where they will spend a week with their aunt, Frances Carter.

Mrs. Beale Soule of Portland spent the week end with her father, Osian Stanley.

Mrs. L. H. Bartlett, who has been spending several days in Augusta, returned Thursday.

School opened in this district Monday morning with Miss Frances Bean, teacher.

Deferred. The ladies of the Middle Intervale Farm Bureau held a meeting Aug. 18 with Mrs. Charles Capen and Mrs. Willis Ward to finish up some of the work from the last meeting, sixteen being present. A picnic lunch was enjoyed out of doors.

L. P. Bartlett and Herbert Carter attended the State Fair Wednesday.

L. P. Bartlett, Harold and Rodney Bartlett went to Bucksport Saturday morning, returning Sunday evening.

Mrs. Minnie Carter and two grandchildren from Paris Hill called on Grace Carter and Mrs. E. M. Carter Friday.

Mrs. Pierre Allegant and two children of New Jersey are guests of Miss Grace Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stanley and family from Berlin spent Sunday at O. H. Stanley's.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ward and daughter from Sebago were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tibbitts of Portland were week end guests of Miss Grace Carter.

Harold Green and Miss Malou Durbin took a trip to Dixville Notch Thursday.

High Street, West Paris

D. O. Hill and family attended State Fair at Lewiston Wednesday.

Mrs. Herman Barnett visited Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bryant last week.

Harold Hill has put up a new shed and is hauling waste from the corn crop.

Ernest Whitman won the pig in the pig race at West Paris Saturday.

Charles Nelson is working at West Paris.

Doris Jackson is attending high school at West Paris.

Miss Zilpha Durbin, teacher at the Porter school, boards at home and goes

back and forth with a car.

Miss Ione Harlow called at Mrs. Dan Hill's Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Packard entertained Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterhouse at their camp at Indian Pond, Greenwood, recently.

Whooping cough is very plentiful at West Paris.

Corn is going to the corn shop at West Paris all the time. A big year for corn.

MILTON

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dyer, formerly Ella Wilson, have moved into her home here for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ackley have returned to their home here, having been stopping in Bridgton several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Buck and family went to Norway Sunday.

The Rumford school team is conveying the Milton scholars to Rumford Point for the present.

Several from this part of the town are working in the east part of the town.

Clara Jackson and friend, Georgiana will open September 12 on Canal Street, and teaching in Rumford.

Chris Poland is shipping milk by the new route to Auburn.

IF A PICKPOCKET

should steal your money it is gone forever.

If he gets your checkbook we will give you another.

Think it over. \$50. starts an account in

THE BETHEL NATIONAL BANK

WHIZ-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z!

They're off to hear "The Cotton Blossom Singers" At

West Bethel Union Church

To-night at 8 o'clock (Standard time) Benefit of Piney Woods Miss. School, and roofing fund of West Bethel Union Church. Admission: Adults 25c, Children 15c

SPECIAL DISPLAY AND SALE

There is something new for you in today's "ATLANTIC" New styles, new combinations, in Wood-Coal-Gas Ranges. Beautiful new colors in porcelain enamel finish—buff, blue, pearl grey, forest green, gloss black and mottled colors, requiring no blacking. You will be delighted with these efficient, labor-saving Atlantics—famous for over fifty years in every department of fine cooking—absolutely guaranteed by dealer and manufacturer.

Most Liberal Payment Terms and other Special Advantages during Atlantic Range Week

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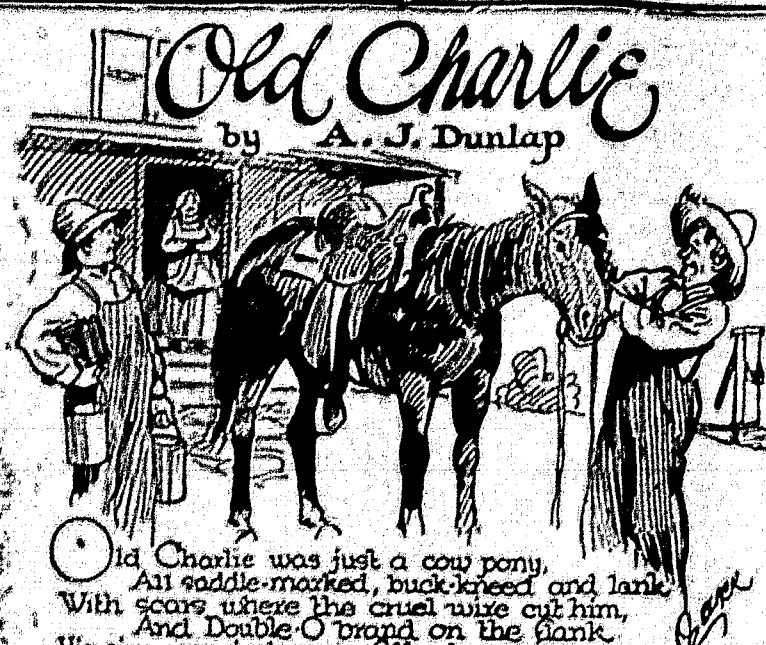
Radio

The Atlantic Ranges, Inc., is located in West Bethel, Portland, Maine, on the air Monday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Manufactured by
PORTLAND STOVE FOUNDRY CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE
FOR SALE BY

J. P. Butts Bethel, Maine.

THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS



Old Charlie was just a cow pony,
All saddle-marked, buck-kneed and lank.
With scars where the cruel wire cut him,
And Double O brand on the flank.
His sire was just one of the herd—
His mother of common as he;
But little we thought as we galloped,
Of blood lines that make pedigree.

He carried us safe to the school house
Through the mud or the sleet or the snow,
And never put up an objection
Whenever we wanted to go.
And dull was that bright day of autumn,
And many the tears that we shed,
When father came up from the barnyard
And told us old Charlie was dead.

Sometimes in my dreaming I ride him
And go through the snow and the rain
And go through the snow and the rain
I hear the wind sing through his mane.
I hope on the great day of judgment
Somewhere and somehow there will be
A pasture for faithful cow ponies
Like Charlie, without pedigree.

THE OLD FARM STORIES

World's Famous Glaciers

Lessening in Dimension

A glacier is, broadly speaking, an accumulation of ice, of sufficient size and weight to flow down from an elevation. It is a river flowing from a lake, only the lake is of snow and the river is of ice. The thickness of the ice will vary greatly—it may be, under favorable conditions, as much as 1,000 feet.

Frequently glaciers extend far below the snow line of the region, because their great masses of ice are so thick that they are not entirely melted during the warm summer months. The functions of a river and a glacier are identical—the drainage of a certain district or basin. Exactly how a glacier moves has not been satisfactorily explained, but that it does move has been proved by hundreds of observations and calculations. More than that, the stream at the center of a glacier moves much faster than at the sides or bottom.

One of the most interesting characteristics of glaciers is the power to transport rocks and other heavy material over great distances. These are "moraines." The glaciers of the Rockies, like those of other continents, now are almost all "in retreat," either because the climate is growing warmer or because the snowfall is lessening.

Small Wonder Criminals

Feared Being "Jugged"

Many a criminal has lamented his incarceration in "the jug"—to adopt a common expression in thieves' parlance. In the Middle Ages plenty of robbers were placed in the jug—or jug—literally, and up and down the country there still remain a few specimens of the iron neckhalters which derived their name from the Latin Jugum.

In Washington Priory church, a place where at every turn imagination is invited to bridge the centuries, a well-preserved example of a jug may be seen in the west porch. It is attached to the wall by long links, and is fitted with a hinge and padlock.

Fifty the poor wretch doomed to be locked by the neck in the clumsy contrivance. True, there are no spikes or devices for torture incorporated in the jug. The punishment of being "jugged" would be mental rather than physical. The prisoner would be the helpless victim of every passing body's ridicule, and doubtless more than a few well-ripened eggs and similar missiles have glided against the weathered wall from which hangs the unpleasant instrument. —Yorkshire (England) Post.

Finding One's True Self

Life is an opportunity for making of a soul, and in most of us it is still in the making; a patch work, unfinished. There are so many selves, each struggling for mastery, that it is not easy to detect the elusive, ultimate self. Which "self" is my real "me"? There are a lot of them, the ragged bits out at the elbow, the dandy in the dandy, the pretent, the pretent, the poet, the scientist, the dandy who always wants his own way; and, at times, a slippage of another fellow, who seeks to rule the whole ungodly crew. Who is he? What authority has he? Who gave him the job? Will he get it gone, making the motley array of sorrows, hostilities, scullions, prophecies, and saints of diverse orders, at last obey—Joseph Fort Newton in the Churchman.

Choosing a Wife

A Swiss savant states that if a man wishes to learn the character of the girl he wants to marry he should watch her peeling, cleaning and cooking potatoes. If she peels the potatoes, cutting thick ribs, she is extravagant. If she leaves the eyes she is lazy. If she uses a great deal of fat while

cooking the vegetable, she is greedy, and if she allows it to burn she is negligent.

On the other hand, the savant declares, if the girl avoids these revealing pitfalls, the man should marry her whether she is rich or poor, ugly or pretty, for she will prove a good friend and wife and bring him prosperity and happiness.

Famous Liberty Statue

The statue of Liberty was 12 years in preparation in France and was presented and exhibited in Paris in October of 1931. The American poet and sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, was commissioned in 1923 and did not complete until 1925. The statue itself was of hammered copper sheets and weighed 225,000 pounds. It was mounted on an iron framework covered with wood and so arranged that it could be taken down and shipped in pieces. It was taken down and was shipped in 210 cases on the French mail vessel here, sailing from Rouen, France.

Origin of Handclasp

"How do you do?" you say when you meet a friend, and instinctively you shake hands with him or her. But why do you do it? Shaking hands is a very early form of greeting that we rarely take the trouble to consider why it is so. In the warlike times of centuries ago, when it was the custom to be armed, men took the simple precaution of grasping each other's right hand when they met, so that if one of them should prove hostile he could not raise his sword or dagger. From the ancient habit of grasping the weapon, hand grew up our modern custom by offering our right hands to be clasped by friends or acquaintances.

Real Cause of Breakdown

A Swedish psychologist says that all nervous breakdowns, all the neuroses, in fact, are caused by fatigue. Men work hard at their businesses, undergo much strain and anxiety, and finally break down. "Overwork" is the verdict of the neighbors, and of the old-fashioned doctor. But this psychologist denies that. He says that if a man thoroughly enjoys his work, he never has a nervous breakdown. It's working when you want to be doing something else that makes the mischief. There is a conflict of desires there, and a sustained conflict inevitably results in a neurosis.

Bodily Changes

Dr. Edward F. Adolph of the University of Rochester has stated that the elements in human bodies undergo the following changes: Water changes every three weeks; salt every 22 days; potassium, 72 days; magnesium, 103 days; nitrogen, the fundamental element of muscles, 200 days; iron, essential element of the blood, changes about every 300 days; phosphorus, 500 days, and lime, 2,000 days. Certain cells, such as the brain cells, apparently last a lifetime.

Baby Learns to Hike

The word "walking" is becoming obsolete as the term "hiking" comes into general use. Before long we may be saying, "The bride hiked down the aisle on the arm of her father." —Woman's Home Companion.

"A Western movie orchestra has been given official thanks for playing a march during a fire, to aid the audience in making an orderly exit." And they criticize Nero.

In certain sections of China, American war songs are said to have become popular at wedding banquets, which proves that the Chinese have a keen sense of fitness.

Granny's Silver Slippers

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright.)

GRANDMOTHER RANKIN was not an old-fashioned grandmother, indeed she would resent the insinuation that she was not up to the minute whenever she appeared outside of her big room on the second floor of her handsome house. Mrs. Rankin was small, and very alert, and her snow white hair only added to her youth, as it seemed to erase any wrinkles and lines that dared to invade the rose-tinted face.

On this lovely spring morning Mrs. Rankin was not walking in her garden, because her wonderful Italian garden was in the country.

Grandmother Rankin was in a shoe shop trying on gold and silver slippers with tall apdly heels.

She nodded her aristocratic head. "Those will do, Miss Smithers," indicating a small pair of beautiful silver-brocade slippers. If she had any qualms about wearing such high heels Miss Smithers would never know it—no one would!

Mrs. Rankin wore the slippers to the Landers dinner dance, and danced in them until in some way her ankle gave way, and she fell in a painful heap, with one ankle twisted under her. Within fifteen minutes Mrs. Rankin was reposing on her big bed, waiting for the doctor. When he came he went right to work and relieved the pain and bandaged the swelling foot. "How did it happen, Mrs. Rankin?" asked Doctor Clinton. "Fall down stairs?"

"Of course not—you know very well that I was wearing those high-heeled slippers—you've been staring at them for some time!"

"The handsome young doctor laughed gaily. "Of course you shouldn't be wearing them," he advanced.

"Why not?"

"I've been treating you for vertigo—and the high heels are dangerous."

All the sparkle went out of Mrs. Rankin's face.

"Are you in pain?" asked Doctor Clinton.

"Nothing you can mend, Jamie," she said sadly. "The silver slippers stand for the one thing I can do to forget—lose myself in the foolishness of youth—I know I am making an old idiot of myself—but, my dear, I'm lonely—a lonely old woman."

"You ought not to be, Mrs. Rankin," protested the doctor. "Not when you have so many grandchildren."

Mrs. Rankin pulled herself to a sitting posture. "Who told you I had grandchildren?" she asked in a queer voice that did not try to be young.

"Why—your son told me—or at least I know the family."

"My son went against my wishes and married one of the Brathens—they are a poor family—I disowned Franklin on that day."

"The Brathens were never well off, but they are nice people, and the happiest family in town," said the doctor pleasantly.

"How many children has my—has Franklin got now? More than he can properly feed, I suppose."

"Four children—two girls and two boys. They live in Rosehurst—in the suburbs, you know. The boys are preparing for college—the girls I don't know—they've been away at school, I believe."

"Wild bob-heads, I suppose," observed Mrs. Rankin, leaning back and closing her eyes. "Do you visit my—Franklin's family?"

"On my way there now—Mr. Rankin has sent for me—some little trouble."

Again she sat up in bed, her eyes wide and frightened. "What is it, doctor—is it serious?"

"Not now, if he takes care of himself." The doctor calmly picked up the silver slippers and put them in his big pocket. "Have you any more high-heeled slippers?" he asked.

"A dozen pairs, Why?"

"I will take those tomorrow. If you need me send for me—I'll come at once. Try to go to sleep." And then his cheery presence was gone.

Mrs. Rankin celebrated her return to her mother, leaning back and closing her eyes. "Do you visit my—Franklin's family?"

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Great Conflicts That Involved Whole World

We often call the last war the World war. Actually there are others that better deserve the title. Take the Seven Years' war. That was relatively in the Dark Ages, so far as transportation and communication was concerned. But the fighting more nearly covered the entire globe than did that of the last conflict, which was pretty well confined to Europe.

During the Seven Years' war not only did men, as it has been said, fight but the military and naval activities of the belligerents encircled the globe. At the expense of France the British established their supremacy in North America and their empire in India, while they assailed on land and sea the dominions of Spain in America, and in the Pacific.

Again, the wars growing out of the French revolution and the Napoleonic wars more nearly involved all of Europe than did the late war, to say nothing of their far-reaching effects elsewhere.—John Bassett Moore, interviewed for the American Review of Reviews.

Where Time Takes on Some Puzzling Changes

Roughly along the 150th degree of longitude there is fixed what is called the "international date-line," and here today and tomorrow actually meet each other. If a vessel were steaming from the Fiji Islands toward Samoa at 11:35 p. m. on Monday night and crossed the "date-line" ten minutes later it would actually have the whole of Monday before it again, as the time would then be five minutes after midnight on the morning of the same day. Had the ship been sailing in the opposite direction, it would have approached the "date-line" in the first few minutes of Monday, and, on crossing this line, it would have started on a new day—Tuesday—and thus have lost an entire day. So in this locality it is possible for yesterday to become today in a few seconds, or today to change into tomorrow in the same short space of time.

His Alibi

Billy, age seven, had acquired the habit of biting his little playmates as a means of self-defense, and offense. His mother had related the last violation of social etiquette to his father and had asked that he talk with Billy and do something about it.

So father said: "Billy, don't you know that you must not bite people? We have talked about this before. You simply must learn that you can not bite people."

"Yes, I know that," said Billy. "I know that I should not bite Harry. But, you see, when I get mad, I get so absent-minded that I cannot remember what I am supposed not to do. I only think about what I want to do."

All but Twelve

Harry was very ill. The doctor who had been called was interested in finding the cause of the illness.

"What have you been eating?" he asked.

"A few apples; they don't hurt anybody," said the boy.

"Were they green?" asked the doctor.

"Some of them."

"How many green apples can a boy eat?"

"They weren't all green—exactly green. Only two of them were green; the other twelve were rather ripe. Two green apples wouldn't hurt anybody," he insisted.

Milk for Damages

A salesman and his wife were making a hurried automobile drive. On a very narrow road a cow was placidly parked. No amount of tooting of the horn could persuade the animal to give the travelers room to pass.

The husband proceeded to lead the cow from the road, and, returning to the car much perturbed, said: "That cow has delayed us and I'll probably lose the sale."

"If I were you I would milk her for damages," suggested the practical wife.

Christmas Tree Bugaboo

The question is often asked if the Christmas tree custom is not a wasteful drain on our forests, says the American Tree Association. Foresters reply that the Christmas trees used by every person in the land could be grown on a few thousand acres of land and that their use has practically no effect on the present drain on our forests. Growing trees for the holidays is becoming an important industry.

Effective

When Gen. Primo de Rivera, the dictator of Spain, resigned, it was revealed that wireless had been used for anti-dictatorial propaganda.

Somewhere, apparently, there was a secret broadcasting station which sent out, at regular intervals, a brief but effective program. A voice would announce "General Rivera is about to speak," and then, over the air, would come the howl of a donkey.

Co-Operation

Teamwork is just as essential to an organization as is the breath of life to you. Your job is of equal importance as those done by others. And you will never be in a position to command teamwork until you are first able to give it.—Grit.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW

QUESTIONS

1. What is the Bayou state?
2. What is the meaning of the proper name, Alma?
3. How is the name of the author Gibran pronounced?
4. How much is the peso of the Philippine Islands worth?
5. Which is the correct spelling, tonsillitis or tonsillitis?
6. What portrait is on the 7c stamp?
7. What is a roe?
8. What are Blue Laws?
9. What is Dorothy Dix's real name?
10. What month is the topaz the birthstone for?
11. Who was the goddess that sprang from the sea foam?
12. Who was the first king of Israel?

ANSWERS

to Last Week's Questions

1. Missouri.
2. Obadiah.
3. The moyer rhymes with higher.
4. Roy means red.
5. Worshiper of God or consecrated to God.
6. Opal.
7. About 19c.
8. The abduction of Helen, wife of Menelaus.
9. The Progressive party in 1912, so-called because Roosevelt said it felt as fit as a bull moose.
10. John and Kenneth Hunter.
11. Short a, hard e, accent on last syllable.
12. According to the Bible, earth was created in six days and the seventh was for rest. Thus the seven day week was formed.



FOR YOUR CHILD'S HEALTH

READ WHAT THESE MOTHERS SAY

"My son suffered from nervousness, sleeplessness, twitching eyes, and threw up his food... giving him Dr. True's Elixir resulted in his improving so rapidly that I felt grateful to Dr. True's Elixir ever since."—Mrs. R. W. Winchester, 273 Essex St., E. Lynn, Mass.



Dr. True's Elixir is a pure Herb Laxative.

"Dr. True's Elixir has been a family remedy in my home for years.... My youngest boy had symptoms of worms. I used your Elixir and in a week his crossness, fever and restlessness were a thing of the past."—Mrs. L. Racine, Malden, Mass.



Constipation often causes children to have worms or other disorders. Aid Nature by keeping the intestines clear by giving Dr. True's Elixir. "My little girl was quite ill... I used Dr. True's Elixir with most beneficial results."—Mrs. J. H. Shea, Cambridge, Mass.

Dr. True's Elixir

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☐ Reader's Gazette ☐ Modern Homemaker

☐ Capper's Farmer ☐ Nat'l Farm Flyer Journal

☐ The Country Home (Formerly Farm & Fireside) ☐ Needlecraft

☐ Everybody's Flyer Mag. ☐ Pathfinder (Whip) 2c. Issues

☐ The Farm Journal ☐ People's Popular Monthly

☐ Fruits & Gardens ☐ Sportsman's Digest

☐ Gentlewoman Mag. ☐ Standard Country Journal

☐ Good Stories ☐ Successful Farming

☐ Home Circle ☐ Woman's World

The Handsome Man

by
MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by
IRWIN MYERS

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W. N. C. Service.

CHAPTER I.—Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip to South America, Sir George Sanderson takes dinner with his widowed stepmother, his daughter, Roberta, and his young nephew, Aggie. He has not approved of her marriage to his father, but she makes an explanation that satisfies him. There is little left of the estate and Lady Sanderson proposes they go to the United States. To her brother, Robert MacBeth, a wealthy contractor with no prospects in England, Sir George agrees.

CHAPTER II.—With his young daughter, Roberta, MacBeth is living in his estate, an island. The girls are for city life, and is dissatisfied. Roberta is a victim of arthritis and most physically helpless. Leaving her father, after an interchange of words, she meets Lady Sanderson, who is a new cook and butler, who had been rejected. She directs them to the house, realizing with some surprise that the man is the handsomest she has ever seen.

With the coffee-colored chauffeur, they giggled a great deal, when the land and Mr. MacBeth were a safe distance behind them.

"At high-flyin' Miss Roberta's gon' get quite some surprise, quite some," the cook told the waitress. "W'en 'at comes back, and see no one 'ceptin' the ol' man, settin' respectful in his chair, what she 'll 'en?"

She laughed gaily.

"Two weeks up today, and I hear tellin' 'e ol' man she gettin' rid o' some white pussions today tomorrow. I makes it today," the waitress added.

"Ah! leavin' this heath station can't be station," the chauffeur assured her. "At red-headed baby used terms in this mawlin'." Terms?

They laughed all the way to the roadside refreshment stand, where they all alighted to fortify themselves with sausages and rolls and ice cream cones.

While they ate, Roberta slackened the speed of her car, and knowing that their departure, looked back at the highway at her father's and. What a place! Lovely enough, she had to admit, lying long and green, above the river, its tree tops showing a little below the road that lay above both canal and river, and along the foot of a rocky slope that led it in on the land side.

It was a charming road, and everywhere Roberta stopped to look it over to grow more beautiful. At side of the road rhododendrons, red and tall trees climbed high above the rocky slope. On the other side, the white painted posts marking the highway protected one from a drop of thirty or forty feet to canal. Between the canal and the road was a broad flat space, green and sunny, and then the Delaware, flowing swiftly along, broad and slow.

There the island stood in its way, river separated into two smaller, and more turbulent streams. The island, gleaming white and against the green and blue, was a lovely old house her father had re-decorated, and without doubt, thought Roberta angrily, paid a great deal too much for.

If she had only been able to stop and divert the golden stream, it might have paid for an apartment in New York, on Park avenue, with a summer place at Bar Harbor or even Ithaca, where she knew some of the younger crowd. That represented her father's idea of a fit and worthy abatement and background for her. If her father persisted in staying there, she would have to stay there.

All her school dreams of Monte Carlo, the Riviera, the Lido, floated back her careless little red head. Had father been so stupid as to let her place? Ye gods! Nothing but a lot of artists and writers, who not apparently know or care what looked like outside their hedges, and was the use of having money if it was the way her father meant to spend it, and to tie her down?

Her car swerved and she heard a rap in an agitated foreign voice, pulled at her emergency brake, for the road was narrow here. It looked a moment as though she could not avoid a collision between her car and a heavy limousine that Joe Ligor, station hackman, was driving. He she shut off her engine, Roberta, calm and cool, as her father's sister would be in a crisis, swerved her car a little toward the land side of the road. The impact when it came was slight. She saw one of the limousine crumple, and she heard a gasp of relief from the excited group she called:

"My, Miss Macbeth! Why you looks where you going, eh? You ought to see with these people I ought to your house, eh? You ask my car in two at the same time?"

"Sorry, Joe," Roberta called, in the next voice that made men forgive anything. She lit a cigarette with trembling fingers. "Send the bill to bet if I've hurt your old machine."

any, and for Heaven's sake look where you're going next time."

"Joe looks! That a gooda joke," Joe said, laughing.

On the rear seat of Joe's car Roberta saw a dumpy little woman and a tall man. She could not see the man's face plainly because the woman was leaning forward and looking at her intently. There was something oddly familiar about this woman's face, and yet Roberta did not believe she knew her. The woman's clothes, and the quaint British look of the traveling bag she clutched, made Roberta instantly revert to the beginning of her quarrel with her father this morning—the servant question.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "The new cook-housekeeper and the butler! I expected you tomorrow. Well, I can't go back just now. Take them to the island, Joe. My father's at home!"

She smiled lamely, as she thought of her father's annoyance when actually confronted with the domestic problems he had so lightly disregarded this morning.

The woman, Roberta had seen, put a hand out quickly and touched the sleeve of the man beside her to prevent his speaking.

"Aye," she said, "that will be best. On your way, my man."

There was something so authoritative in that voice that Joe stopped smiling at Miss MacBeth, whom he admired inordinately, and started his car.

Roberta shot another quick glance at them. The next moment, blank amazement on her face, she had turned about and was gazing after the rapidly disappearing car.

Well! Handsome is as handsome does, she told herself, but think of having that for a butler! "I wonder if the heavy dame is his mother or his wife?"

She looked back again and hesitated, but Joe's car was well on its way toward the island.

Scotches both! Roberta thought bitterly. Just my luck! Now dad will fraternize with them, and I'll be lucky if she can cook anything but oatmeal.

Disgusted, she increased speed. She must hurry if she was to meet the young man from Philadelphia, whose coming was the immediate cause of Roberta's discontent and, though she did not know it, her father's towering rage.

Lady Sanderson turned and regarded her stepson. Damsels, as Lady Sanderson had been pleased to note, had fallen down and worshiped his beauty to an extent that must gratify the most exacting of stepmothers, yet he remained unmoved. And now this—this rude red-headed lass—was the wonderful niece whose praises she had sung discreetly. She glanced again at her stepson. Aware of it he slowly turned to her.

"Well?" asked Aggie.

"Well?" Sir George returned smiling. "This is a lovely spot, but I had hoped we'd find your brother in New York, or Chicago, by preference. I must say all I've read or heard of Chicago decidedly intrigues me. One of those western towns, Aggie, where they shoot at the drop of the hat. This is delightful country, Aggie, but I'm shot if it looks any more exciting than Sandalsbrae."

"You never can tell," Aggie hastened to assure him. "It's maybe no list like Chicago where you were wanting to go, but wait and see. Judging from that inside of Rob's—it's none too peaceful."

"Oh, girls!" Sir George's voice was weary. "I'm sick of girls!"

CHAPTER III

Robert MacBeth had finally made up his mind. He would put matters plainly to Roberta on her return and then, if she would not do as he wished—he corrected himself—if she would not take the sensible course he pointed out to her, and remain contentedly on the island for a year, then she should feel the heavy hand of authority. Yet somehow that did not quite satisfy him—either his conscience or his arthritis gave him a twinge.

Not being by any means the "back-number" Roberta thought him, he knew that the heavy hand of authority was considerably out of date. He must be very careful not to make himself ridiculous. Once put himself in the "heavy father" position with Roberta, and he lost all chance of influencing her, or gaining his point. He thought regretfully of the good days of his own youth, when a parent's word was law.

Then he smiled, for he remembered how little heed he had paid to that law. The moment he was eighteen and knew his trade, he had fled from the overcrowded MacBeth household and struck out for himself.

While he had been at home he had bowed down before to his father, and a fine, tyrannical, old blackguard and humbug that parent had been. Robert never wanted his daughter to think of him in just that way. Yet how was he to make her see the error of her ways? MacBeth knew that girls of eighteen, however intelligent and sophisticated, were scarcely to be trusted to navigate their own little boats on life's crowded river. He had seen a few shipwrecks in his time and he meant to pilot his girl.

He looked up and saw Joe Ligor's car coming down the road toward the island. He rang with impatience, and also rapped loudly with his stick on the floor of the terrace. Then he remembered seeing the chauffeur and the maid leave the island. It dawned on him that he was quite alone.

He remembered now that Roberta had shrilly observed that they would have to get along somehow until the new servants came from the city, and it was possible they might not arrive.

at the island until tomorrow. The unpleasantness of this morning had begun with a statement from Roberta that in this place it was impossible to get or keep a decent staff of servants. It was too far from everywhere. The servants brought from the city would not put up with its remoteness, and as for temporary help, which was all one could get in this place, it was beyond speech.

Robert, the millionaire, groaned, and turned to watch the car cross the bridge and make its way toward the house. It came to a standstill just beneath him, and he saw Joe lift out two or three traveling bags and then turn to speak to the first of his passengers who alighted. This was a tall young man with golden brown hair, which gleamed in the sunlight as he took off his hat and looked about with interest. He turned to help out a middle-aged woman with a round and dumpy figure. Bob MacBeth looked at her idly.

Must be the cook-housekeeper and the butler Roberta expected, but she had not told him they were Scots. Robert MacBeth prided himself on his ability, gained from years of handling immigrant labor, of unerringly recognizing nationality, even city or district, at a glance. The woman was talking to Joe Ligor, who evidently did not quite understand her. He saw the young man gently touch her arm, as though to bid her be quiet, and himself address Joe. Robert saw that Joe nodded and grinned with pleasure, climbed back into the front seat and composed himself to wait. The man and the woman came toward the door. They rang several times, but there was no response.

He raised himself painfully in his chair, rapped loudly with his cane and called out:

"This way!"

They turned and came toward him. There was no doubt the dumpy little woman was a Scot. Robert MacBeth, so long a resident of this country that he had ceased to think of himself as anything but an American, felt a warm feeling of kinship, strong as only clanish Scots and possibly the equally clanish Jews can feel at the sight of another of their race in a strange land.

She was typical, this little woman. A good-looking woman at that! But what clothes! He found himself eager to hear her speak. He knew before-

ly that she would have a glorious burr, and maybe something of a dialect. It was music to his ears. After all these years of Americanization, Robert MacBeth still thrilled to bagpipes, or the burr in a Scot's voice.

He glanced at the man to whom she was talking, and whistled, low. Eel-dom had he seen such a handsome man. The fellow was striking, both as to his height, the clear-cut beauty of his features and his fine head in his brown hair, gleaming gold in the sunlight. Under his broad brows his brown eyes, large and finely formed, looked out with a curious directness.

Oh, this man will never do! Robert said to himself decidedly. Have all the maids neglecting their work to look at him?

The woman came forward with a quick, decided step. She planted herself solidly on her feet as she walked, as though each small plump foot was a pillar. Robert had an odd feeling of liking for her. There was nothing servile in the way this woman walked toward and looked at him. She was directly opposite him now.

"Par-lan me, but I am unable to rise, owing to a bad attack of rheumatism. Won't you sit?" She did not move, but kept looking at him oddly and finally said:

"Not, do ye no know me? I'm Aggie!" He stared at her, speechless. His eyes searched her face for traces of the young and blooming sister he had left, so many years ago, in Scotland. It couldn't be Aggie! Yet, when he looked again, this might be Aggie—an Aggie that the years had stoutened and thickened and rounded out a little too much, and put away in the great mass of red hair which Sister Aggie used to have.

"Aggie!" He said it aloud. "Is it you? I cannot rise."

Aggie, if this was Aggie—this strange woman—came nearer him and took his hand in hers.

"It will be a surprise to you, no doubt, Rob, after so many years, and after my refusing your kind offer so decided like; but I'm Aggie."

Robert, his eyes still on her said softly: "Aggie!" Then he smiled. "It's like you, coming this way without

warning." He laughed. "Why, I thought you were the new cook or the housekeeper."

Aggie smiled. It was a slow and reluctant smile, but it was pleasant. "So did your lady-daughter, who passed us on the road here. She told you driver that you were at home and would see us."

"You didn't tell her—"

"Guid Sakes! No! I didn't tell her anything about who I was." She looked at him again. "Rob, is it no convenient? You need not stand on ceremony with me."

All the old protective feeling that he, as older brother, used to feel for "wee Aggie" came over Rob MacBeth. He forgot the years they had lost—somewhere, somehow. He forgot that this was a middle-aged, strange woman, almost as old now as the mother they had lost so many years ago. He forgot that he was a middle-aged man with a grown daughter and a million or two. He saw himself once more a strong young man leaving Scotland, while a red-haired girl clung to him and cried: "Oh, Rob, I cannot let you go! What'll I do without ye?"

He reached out his hand and said: "Aggie, I'm glad to see you. Did I not tell you that? Except for Roberta, there's nobody left but you and me."

The little woman stooped over, smoothed his hair and kissed him. "Dear Rob," she murmured.

He indicated a chair beside him and she sat down.

"What brought you, Aggie," he asked her, reverting unconsciously to the almost appalling directness of the true Scot, "and who's that?" He indicated Sir George, who was standing

at the edge of the terrace and looking off toward the river.

"That's Sir George," said his sister quietly.

"What?" roared Bob MacBeth. "Sir George Sanderson?" explained Aggie, with a self-conscious smile that just escaped being a smirk.

"I might have known it," said Rob MacBeth slowly. "I might have remembered those good looks. He's the same handsome devil that his father was before him. By the way, what's become of Sir Steenie? Drunk himself to death?"

"Yes," said Aggie solemnly. "Just that."

"Well," and her brother gave her a puzzled look, "what's Sir George doing here?"

"I invited him," answered Aggie, demurely. "Have you room or shall I send him back to the town for the night?"

Her brother gave her a quick look. "What's it mean?"

"Nothing," said Aggie stubbornly. "It's not natural."

"Good G—d!" exclaimed her brother, "is anything wrong with him? Are you still his nurse?"

Aggie looked at him scornfully and yet a little proudly. "I am not, and have not been for many a year. I'm his stepmother."

"What!" roared the owner of the island, who had been thinking how best he could in a modest way introduce to his poor, but proud, sister the great story of his success, his millions.

"Yes," said his sister, with a matter-of-fact calmness that deceived her brother, and then proceeded to spike all his guns by her declaration: "I'm Lady Sanderson, of Sandalsbrae."

She kept her eyes away from her brother, until she thought he had digested this and then added: "I'm traveling, with my stepson, Sir George. We thought we'd just drop in and see you on our way."

The master of the island stared back at his sister. There was a considerable pause during which Robert thought hard before he asked: "How did you manage it, Aggie?"

Lady Sanderson looked at him with quiet dignity.

"It's a long story, but I'll be told in time, Rob. Are we invited to bite the night, or am I to tell the taxi-man to wait?"

"Here, Joe," called MacBeth, "put the bags in the hall. Open the door yourself. There are no servants in the house. Get the trunks up from the station tonight."

leave that millionaire alone and servantless on his island. But he knew he was going to like MacBeth. He was as fine and simple in his way as good old Aggie.

Rob MacBeth gave a long sigh, as Sir George disappeared. "Out with it, Aggie," he said quietly, turning on his sister. "I remember you of old. You never made a trip all the way from Sandalsbrae to this island, without wanting something. What is it?"

"It's this way, Rob," began his sister.

To be continued

NORTH NORWAY

Many of the farmers in this vicinity are picking and hauling their corn to the factory.

Everett Morse, Theodore Whitman and Edwin Austin are all working in the Norway corn shop.

Frankie Morse, who has worked for his grandfather, C. D. Morse, during the summer vacation, has finished work there and returned to his home in the village.

Arthur Bean of Springfield, Vt., and sister, Miss Alma Bean of Haverhill, Mass., were over night guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Judkins, Wednesday night, Sept. 3.

Nearly every family at Noble's Corner have their houses wired for electric lights.

Mrs. Anna Morse and Mrs. Hazel Morse from the village were guests at C. D. Morse's one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Judkins motored to Bethel Friday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sawin.

The Swift's Corner neighborhood expects to be electrically lighted in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Norway Center, have had their house wired for electricity recently.

Ernest Watson, Norway Center, who has been in poor health during the past few months, is thought to be improving. Parties from New York have opened

a feldspar mine on a part of the farm formerly owned by John Noyes in Greenwood. Asa Packard of Noble's Corner is working there.

Work on the State road in this vicinity has not begun yet. We understand it will begin soon.

Fore Street, Oxford

Mrs. Ella Sweetser visited her nephew, E. E. Twitchell, and family from Monday until Thursday last week.

Gladys Hapworth of Mechanic Falls visited with Mary Twitchell from Wednesday until Friday.

Winfield Reynolds is helping E. E. Twitchell with his fall work. Fred Gorman is helping Albert Twitchell fill his silo.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Haskell and Fred Clark and wife, all of Auburn, were callers at Al Twitchell's recently.

Mrs. John Sellers of Mechanic Falls spent the afternoon at Leon Twitchell's last Thursday.

Mrs. Roy Stearns entertained the Veranda Club at her home last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Hapworth and daughter of Mechanic Falls were Sunday callers at E. E. Twitchell's.

Flora Cummings enjoyed a ride through eastern Oxford County with her friends, the McKays, Davises and Ames.

Watch this Space for Dates



Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished

by

E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist

over Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

Know What You Buy

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The purchaser of standard advertised products takes no chances. The quality and price are right. The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

Buy Nationally Advertised Goods in Bethel

APOLLO CHOCOLATES W. E. Bosserman

ATWATER KENT Radios and Tubes, Edw. P. Lyon

BAY STATE PAINTS and Varnishes, D. Grover Brooks

BIRD'S ROOFING, SHINGLES, etc., D. Grover Brooks

CELOTEX, H. I. Bean, Building Material

COMMUNITY SILVERWARE, J. P. Butts, Hardware

COMMUNITY and WM. ROGERS PLATE, Edw. P. Lyon

CONGOLEUM ART SQUARES, D. Grover Brooks

Endicott-Johnson Shoes, Better Shoes for Everybody, M. A. Naimyer

EXIDE BATTERIES, Crockett's Garage

FISK and FIRESTONE TIRES, Herrick Bros. Co.

FORD PRODUCTS, Herrick Bros. Co.

FRIGIDAIRE—Sales and Service, J. P. Butts, Hardware

GOODRICH TIRES, Crockett's Garage

GOODYEAR TIRES and TUBES, Central Service Station

MURPHY'S VARNISHES and Stains, J. P. Butts, Hardware

MYERS PUMPS, D. Grover Brooks

NASH CLOTHES—Made-to-Measure, Horace E. Littlefield

NEPONSET WALL BOARD, H. I. BEAN, Building Material

OAKLAND-PONTIAC Automobiles, Crockett's Garage

PLASTER BOARD, Bestwall and Gypsum, H. I. Bean, Bldg. Material

POWDERPAINT, H. I. Bean, Building Material

PYREX WARE, J. P. BUTTS, Hardware

RADIOLA, Majestic, Stalnitz, Crosley Radios, Crockett's Garage

ROYAL TYPEWRITERS, The Oxford County Citizen

STANLEY TOOLS, D. Grover Brooks

STANLEY and Millers Falls Tools, J. P. Butts, Hardware

VICTOR RADIO AND VICTOR RECORDS, E. P. LYON

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.
Each word more than 25, one cent per word per week.
Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Upland Maple Cord wood and fitted wood, also first quality new potatoes delivered anywhere in Bethel, Roy C. Blake, Bethel, Telephone 21-34. 21p-1f

Wool and Knitting Yarns—For sale by manufacturer; samples free. H. A. Bartlett, Harmony, Me. 22

FARM FOR SALE—Northwest Bethel, 4 miles from Bethel Village. My home farm, 150 acres, 2 1/2 story house with oil, barn 36x72 feet, garage, box house. All buildings in good repair, well painted, running spring water at house and barn. Good orchard. There will be pine timber stumpage enough on this farm in a few years to pay for farm. Plenty of hardwood. This year's cut of 25 tons of hay in barn. If interested come up and look it over. Frank A. Brown, R. F. D. 2, Bethel, Maine. 20p

FOR SALE—Fairday Washing Machine with gasoline engine, in perfect condition, inquire at Citizen office.

FOR SALE—Country place in Bethel, Maine about four miles west of beautiful Bethel Village on the northern side of the Androscoggin River consisting of dwelling house, barn, numerous buildings for hen houses and about twenty acres of land including a ten acre wood lot Estate E. L. Mason. Inquire Lester Mason, second house below premises or write Vernon Mason, 214 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass. 101f

FOR SALE—Fitted Hard Wood, 112 cord. Slabs and edgings \$6.00. Few good trades in second hand cars. Year Bears, Bethel. 241f

Guns, Rifles, Ammunition and Trappers' Supplies, bought, sold and exchanged. H. L. Dean, Fur Buyer, Bethel, Maine. 231f

NOTICE

Have your Watches and Clocks repaired by an Expert Workman so they will be done in a first-class manner and keep time which is the test.
W. T. SMITH, Jeweler, West Paris, Me.

NORTH BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Burgess and son of Nashua, N. H., were visitors at Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds' Friday and Saturday.

L. E. Wight of North Newry was in town repairing the telephone line Wednesday.

Mrs. Albert Durand and daughter Evelyn and Harold Eaman of Rumford Falls were in Bethel Monday black-berrying.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle Rand were visitors in Harrison Sunday night.

Harry Williamson and Cleo Brown of Upton were in town Saturday. Phyllis Williamson went back with them after spending a few days at R. L. Foster's.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Kendall and children returned to Massachusetts Saturday. They have been staying at Mrs. Sarah Kendall's place on a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Snows of Connecticut were visitors at Mrs. Nettie Fleet's Friday.

H. L. Foster, Ramsey and Hilley Reynolds and Harry Chase enjoyed a trip on Mt. Grey Friday.

D. B. Curtis of Bridgton was in town Thursday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson and sons, Arthur and Kenneth, and Anson Kendall of Massachusetts are spending a vacation at the Kendall place.

Sept. James H. H. Dodge of Upton visited the school Thursday.

School opened Sept. 2. The new teacher is Miss Julia Brooks of Windham.

C. O. Demeritt and daughter Louise of Bethel were in Ketchikan Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bennett of Bethel were visitors in town one night recently.

Mrs. Frank Gorman, son Frank, and W. O. Gorman of Berlin were at the old Gorman place Sunday.

Heating and Plumbing

All Work Promptly Cared For by a Competent Plumber

Also

Shingles, Doors, Windows and Frames.

H. Alton Bacon

Bryant's Pond, Maine

Troops Return From Service in Panama



Troops returning from Panama after three years' service in Uncle Sam's army are shown on the deck of the army transport Chateau Thierry waiting for customs inspection before proceeding to the army base in Brooklyn.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
L. A. Edwards, Pastor
10:45 Morning Worship, with sermon by the pastor. His subject will be "Another Chance."

Since the beginning of time man has speculated and reasoned about the future life. Certain brilliant minds are now earnestly at work upon the question with the hope that they may answer through science the great question that some of us have accepted on faith. It is certain that many if not the most of us leave this world of time and sense poorly prepared for what we have been taught heaven is to be and the question is ever before us: what our lot is to be.

Well, this far we may go. It will be just what we make it. In this period of preparation we are given one chance after another: the mistakes and failures are covered with a mantle of compassion. Do we emerge from these experiences better men and women, or do we grow careless and indifferent and indulge ourselves in the cheap philosophy that everything will come out all right?

To build upon the shifting sands is to invite disaster.

BETHEL M. E. CHURCH
Rev. B. C. Dazell, Minister
9:45 Sunday School, Superintendent, Mrs. Bertha Wheeler.
10:45 Morning Worship.
Epworth League at 6:30, topic "Who is a Christian?" Leader, Eugenia Haseleton.
Evening Worship, 7:30.
Tuesday evening, Class Meeting.

LOOKS MILLS M. E. CHURCH
Afternoon Worship, 2:30 P. M.

NORTH NEWRY CHURCH
Rev. Norman S. Davis, Pastor
Sunday, 2 P. M., Preaching Service.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY
Chapman Street
Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject of the lesson sermon, Substance.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 P. M.

NORTH NEWRY

A goodly number attended the baked bean supper at W. B. Wight's Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnold of Rhode Island were honored guests of the evening. Three years ago Mr. Arnold was the student minister here during the summer months. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold are spending their honeymoon here. A short entertainment of recitations, music and games was enjoyed after supper.

John Vail is working on the State road.

Mrs. Francis Vail and daughter Elaine are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Morton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Davis of Bryant Pond went on "Spice" Tuesday. They returned with about 12 quarts of cranberries.

Schools in town opened Monday. The teachers board with Mrs. Pearl Kilgore and Mrs. Frances Davis. The Power school is closed this fall and the children are conveyed to the Branch school.

Miss Ruth Brink has gone to Auburn where she is to attend Edward Little High School.

Miss Carrie Wight and her mother spent the day Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Eliza Lane at Upton.

Bear River Grange meets Saturday evening, Sept. 13. Judge McCarthy of Rumford will be the speaker. A State of Maine program is being planned.

Albany—Waterford

R. E. Hill, road commissioner, has a crew of men working on the George Abbott road in South Albany. Gravel is hauled from the Henley pit and ledge hill will be blasted.

A party from Kennebunk has been camping the past ten days at the Abbott place.

Mrs. Mona Littlefield is caring for Gertrude Churchill, while Mrs. Churchill works at the corn shop at East Waterford.

Ivan Kimball has finished work at the McWain corn shop.

Fred Wheeler of Bethel was in this place Sunday and carried Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls McAllister and daughter to his place where a reunion of the Wheeler family was held.

Stella McKee is more comfortable but is still confined to her bed.

Elmer P. Dingley of Harrison was in this place Thursday after two cows he bought of Ernest Brown. Mr. Brown sold one to Walter Lord, one to Willis McKee, and swapped with L. J. Andrews the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Meserve were in Norway Friday. Mrs. Meserve returned to their home in Lovell this week, where her children will attend school.

Mrs. Lucella Grover is stopping with her son Mahlon at East Waterford for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Grover are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Ernest Brown sold his horses and harness to Herman Bryant Monday. Mr. Bryant has a job at West Stoneham, yarding birch.

Born

In East Waterford, to the wife of Mahlon Grover, a son.

In Bethel, Sept. 9, to the wife of W. F. Bean, a daughter.

In East Millton, Sept. 3, to the wife of Ernest Sessions, a daughter, Bernice May.

In South Paris, Sept. 5, to the wife of Philip Noble of Norway, a daughter, Anne Chris.

In South Paris, Aug. 20, to the wife of Wilbert Fremont Harriman of Lovell, a son, Robert McKee.

In Norway, Sept. 2, to the wife of Elmer T. Dean, a son, Elmer Dallen.

In East Waterford, Aug. 20, to the wife of Carlton Millett, a son.

Married

In South Paris, Sept. 1, by Rev. Charles L. Kinsley, Thomas H. Reed and Miss Emma B. Walker, both of Taunton, Mass.

In Hangeley, Aug. 30, by Rev. Charles E. Brooks, Robert E. Feller of Hartford, Conn., and Miss Elizabeth Doris Stephens of Rumford.

Father A. Haskard, George Harlow and Miss Helen Henderson, both of Mexico.

In Norway, Aug. 29, by Rev. Marguerite McIntire, Albert L. Dion of Hangeley and Miss Ethna F. Noble of Norway.

In Natick, Mass., Aug. 30, James H. Thieries of Natick and Miss Dorothy V. Reid of South Paris.

In Mexico, Sept. 1, by Rev. Fr. A. Gulgere, Vivian Buck of Rumford and Miss Emma St. Pierre of Mexico.

In West Paris, Aug. 29, by Rev. A. E. Roberts, Wallace Noyes and Miss Nellie Waterhouse, both of West Paris.

In New York, Aug. 25, Richard Burdinger of New York and Miss Christina Carey of Rumford.

In Rumford, Aug. 30, by Rev. C. D. Muffer, Leo E. Treadwell of Columbia, N. H., and Miss Mabel Learned of Andover.

In Gorham, N. H., Lester Sawyer of Bethel, N. H., and Miss Leona Pease of Rumford Center.

Died

In Candy's Harbor, Me., Sept. 7, Albert Shaw formerly of Bethel.

In Dixfield, Sept. 8, Edward Hazen Virginia, aged 61 years.

In Bethel, Sept. 6, David B. Brown, aged 83 years.

In Mexico, Aug. 31, Mrs. James Cross, aged 63 years.

In New York City, Sept. 4, Clyde Clark Jodrey of Bethel, aged 27 years.

SOUTH WATERFORD

Robbins Plummer has been ill in bed this past week. At present writing he is more comfortable.

W. W. Abbott is improving slowly. Some days he has been very sick the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wight of Hangeley spent Sunday, August 31, with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Holt. The Wights gave them and Mrs. Ida Riggs a motor trip to West Paris to visit Mrs. Riggs' step-mother, Mrs. Frances Bird. Mrs. Bird will be 105 years old next January. She is keen in her mind, but is confined to her chair.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lovejoy returned to their home in Worcester, Mass., recently. Mr. Lovejoy is in the City Hospital in Worcester for observation. He is in very poor health.

Mildred Haynes was given a farewell party in the form of a corn roast on City Beach on Kooka Lake, Labor Day evening. Fourteen of the young people of the community attended.

Miss Haynes left on Sunday for Portland with her aunt, Mrs. Alice Warren with whom she is to stay and attend Portland High School.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kuhn and daughters Helen and Barbara of Cleveland, Ohio, arrived at the Gerry House on Wednesday. Mrs. Kuhn and the girls have just returned from a two months trip in Europe.

Dr. Watson and family left for their home in Haverhill, Mass. on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Greene left for Nova Scotia for a two weeks visit at her old home on Sunday. They went by motor with her nephew, Lawrence McKee of Milton, Mass. The trip covered 600 miles.

Mrs. Carl Heath, Mrs. Mildred Littlefield and Thelma Brown are working in the McWain Packing Co. shop at East Waterford.

Frank Sanderson of Massachusetts has been stopping at Mrs. Harriet Brown's and calling on old friends this past week. Mr. Sanderson is in poor health.

Mrs. Phoebe Haggood has been ill this week. She is better and went on Sunday to help Mrs. W. K. Hamlin for the winter.

Mrs. Senior of Haverhill, Mass., who has spent several months with Mrs. Bertha Parker, has gone to work for Horace Allen. Mrs. Noble, who has been there for several months, has gone to her home in South Harrison.

Merle Keen returned home from a South Portland hospital on Sunday where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. He is making a good recovery.

Recent visitors of Mrs. Pearl Bradbury were her cousins, William L. Merrill and sons Francis and Ransom of Dunbarton, N. H.

The Phillip family closed their house and returned to their home in Woodford for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Newell of West Milam, N. H., came for a visit with her mother, Mrs. A. A. Monroe on Wednesday. Friday the Newells and Ethel M. Monroes were in Portland to visit an ocularist.

Mrs. Louise M. Delano and sons Richard and Franklin of West Roxbury, Mass., have been guests of Mrs. James Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kingman and Donald are stopping for a time on Pennessawasee Lake in Norway. Arthur is doing some repairs on his uncle's cottage. Mrs. Carrie Kingman, his mother, is visiting relatives in North Norway during their absence.

Annie Gardner has returned for her third year in Portland High School. The regular meeting of Bear Mountain Grange was held on Saturday evening.

ing. It was "Maine Night." The following program was given:
Song, "Beneath the Pines of Maine," Grange Chorus
Reading, "The Good Old State of Maine," Mrs. Ida Holden
Reading, "Me for Maine," Mrs. Sadie Holt
Song, "Maine,"
Dorothy Holden and Mildred Haynes
Reading, Mrs. Alice Hamlin Warren
Guessing Game of United States, Grange
Reading, "The Bad Pine," with geographic tableau, Mrs. Maude Sanborn
Reading, "Maine," Mildred Haynes
Reading, "Our State of Maine,"
Mrs. Blanche Tyler
Grange Choir
Song,
Quotations,
All

Next meeting on Sept. 20, is "Neighbors' Meeting," with Norway and Highland Granges invited. Visiting granges are requested to furnish part of the program.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Newell, Mrs. A. A. Monroe and Ethel Monroe motored to Cornish on Sunday to visit their cousin, Mrs. Frank Smith, and family. They returned by the way of Fryeburg and called on Mrs. Virginia Hagar, Mrs. Harriet Lyman of Watertown, Mass., and her son Arthur and wife of New York were callers of their aunt, Mrs. Martha P. Perry this past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Rogers have recently entertained his mother and brother from Norridgewock.

Mrs. Annie Currier of Auburn has been visiting her cousins, Miss Lena York and Mrs. Rupert Greenleaf.

Miss Ethel M. Dana has gone to Portland. She plans to return here in October.

Frank Billings has been entertaining his sister, Mrs. Minnie Guilford, of Troy, N. H., recently.

Many from here attended Pomona Grange in Harrison on Tuesday.

An enjoyable dancing party was held in the Grange Hall on Friday evening. Andrews Orchestra furnished the music.

Frank J. Sanford has closed his "cabin" on the lake and has returned to his school work in Ridgewood, N. J. Several here attended the Eastern Star meeting at the Flat on Friday evening. A good meeting was reported.

Clinton Fletcher came back to work for W. W. Abbott on Sunday. Mr. Abbott has a crew of men harvesting his six acres of corn. Fred Wentworth has charge of the crew.

Mrs. Ida E. Riggs went to North Bridgton on Wednesday to attend the birthday party of her cousin, James Bird, who celebrated his 80th birthday. Mrs. Charles Barnard, another cousin, gave the party. Mrs. Riggs was to visit her niece, Mrs. Alton Yorke, before returning home.

Brunswick—Many improvements and repairs made at high school during summer.

Brunswick—New surface being placed on upper Main Street.

Rumford Falls—Business building completed on Congress Street, on site of former Hotel Rumford.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Robinson daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cole family motored to Fryeburg, Sunday. Mary Martin attended a teachers' meeting at Bethel Saturday.

Mrs. Gladys Bailey and son William Everett Cross and Roy Martin motored to Turner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Whitman family of Norway were at the cottage over the week end.

David Roberts of Locke Mills, stopping with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Martin, while his mother is at the O. M. G. Hospital for removal of tonsils.

Zilpha Morgan of Bryant Pond stopping for a while with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cole.

Mrs. Ella Bradford and son Leon North Paris called on Gladys Bailey Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterhouse West Paris were at R. L. Martin Sunday.

the future—
What Will You Do About It?

YOU have SEEN With your own eyes and read a great deal about extravagant results therefrom.

THE QUESTION—what about yourself?

THE ANSWER—Come into this bank and open a savings account.

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Bethel Savings Bank

BETHEL, MAINE

FIRST ANNUAL Bethel Agricultural Fair to be held at the old Riverside Park Grounds SATURDAY, SEPT. 20

PRIZES

to be awarded for

Stock and Farm Produce and Horse Pulling.

Ball Game - Bethel vs. Dixfield

Bicycle Race - Local Stunt Circus

Pet Show

Exhibit your Pet Animal. Prize for best.

Parade of Decorated Old Automobiles.

Prize to the most unique.

Ample parking space will be provided

Band Music Throughout the Day.

Lunch Will be Served on the Grounds

Admission 35c

Autos 35c